

ALL-A
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CDC

CRIME and JUSTICE

No. 15

CRIME and JUSTICE

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MORALES



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STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



• YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves
STOP
- Tobacco Breath
STOP
- Tobacco Cough
STOP
- Burning Mouth
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—**IN JUST SEVEN DAYS!** Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—**You Can Stop Smoking!**

SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs... a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$\$\$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. **Send NO Money!** Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but **FOREVER!** Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

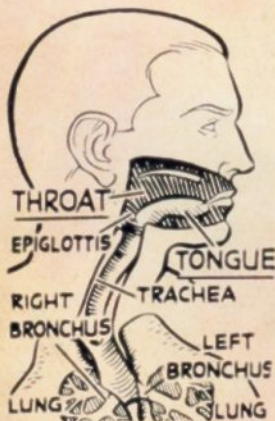
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness... Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can loose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients)... If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever... your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS... OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke...

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs... (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath... Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco... Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days... Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever... return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS

7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. 61
1227 Loyola Ave.
Chicago 26, Illinois

SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.

Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.

☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

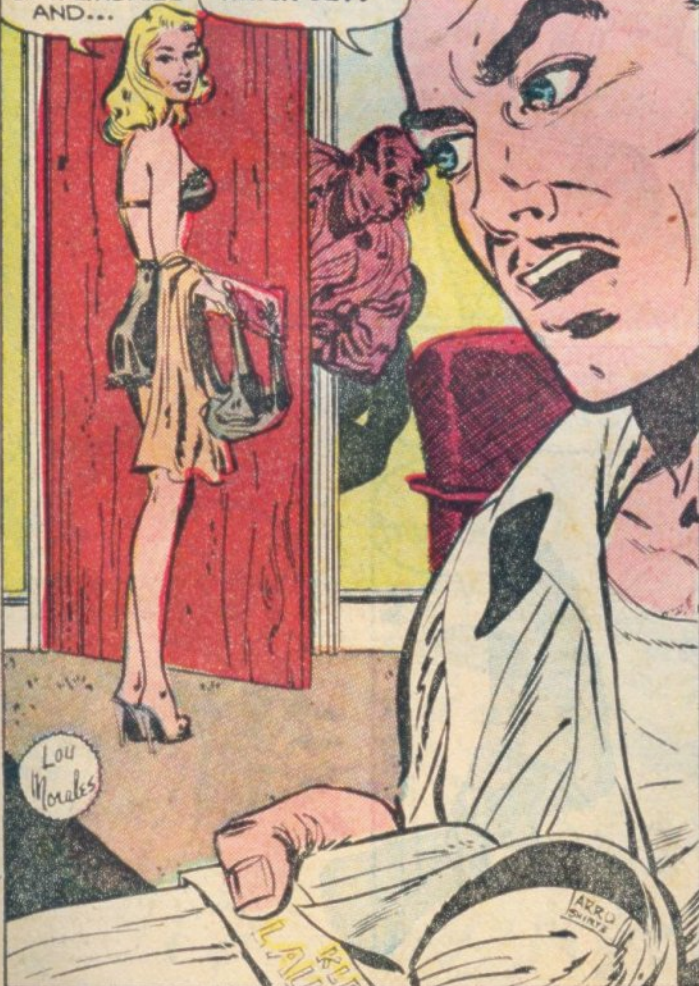
CRIME AND JUSTICE

A MR. & MRS. CHASE NOVELETTE

Vacation from VIOLENCE

IT'S GREAT TO GET OUT OF THE CITY, CURT... AND IT'S SWEET OF YOU TO WANT TO RETURN HERE TO "THOUSAND PINES" TO CELEBRATE OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY! THIS LITTLE CABIN IS FULL OF MEMORIES AND...

Upp! AND OTHER THINGS, MERRY! WATCH OUT!



ONCE A YEAR CURTIS AND MERRY CHASE DRIVE TO THE RESORT WHERE THEY SPENT THEIR HONEYMOON...

THIS PLACE NEVER CHANGES... IT'S THE SAME AS IT WAS 73 YEARS AGO WHEN WE FIRST CAME!

73? I OUGHT TO SLAP YOUR FACE, CURTIS CHASE... YOU MAKE ME FEEL AS IF I'VE GOT ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE!



MY! ISN'T THE COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL AT THIS TIME OF YEAR?

ALL RIGHT, GRANDPA... KEEP YOUR MIND ON ME! GET THE CABIN KEY SO WE CAN MAKE LIKE VACATIONERS OURSELVES!

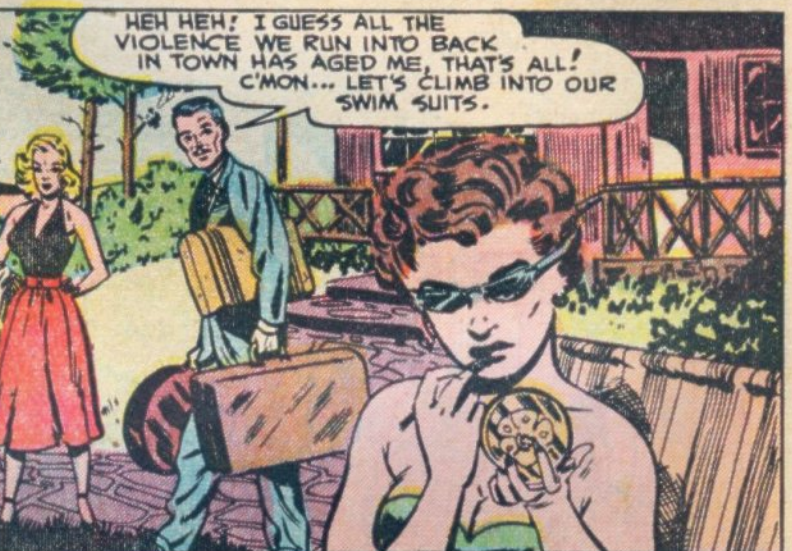
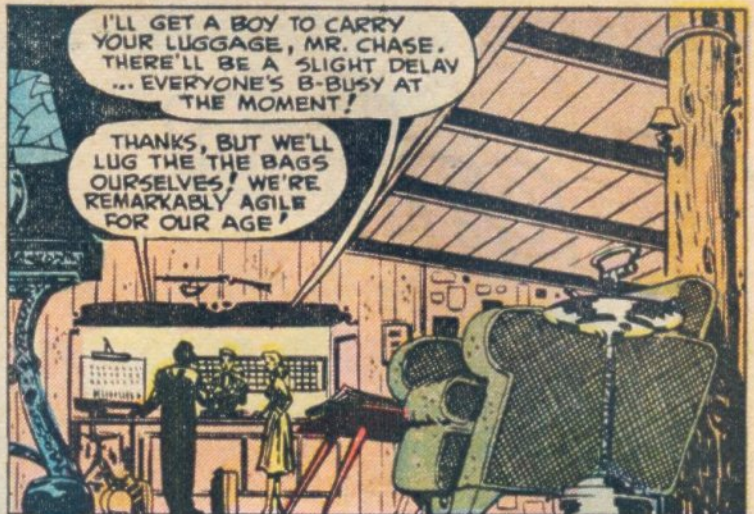


I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MISTAKEN, MR. CHASE... I... I HAVE NO RECORD OF YOUR RESERVATION!

JUST GIVE ME THE KEY TO THE 'HONEYMOON CABIN' AND I'LL STRAIGHTEN IT OUT WITH THE MANAGER LATER!



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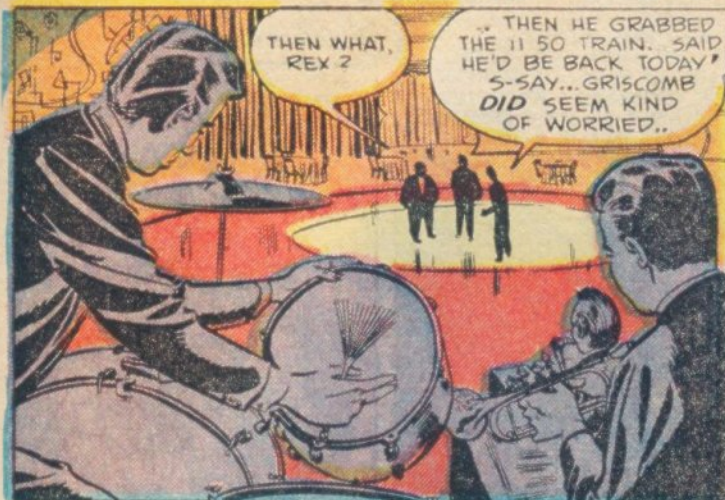
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THEN WHAT, REX?

.. THEN HE GRABBED THE 11 50 TRAIN. SAID HE'D BE BACK TODAY! S-SAY...GRISCOMB DID SEEM KIND OF WORRIED..

THAT CLINCHES IT! EVER SINCE THIS GRISCOMB ARRIVED TO TAKE OVER HERE, I'VE BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF HIM! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN HE'D PULL SOMETHING THIS WEEKEND... THERE MUST'VE BEEN \$50,000 IN JEWELRY IN THAT VAULT YESTERDAY. CHECKED IN BY GUESTS! WHOEVER IT IS YOU FOUND DEAD, MR CHASE, PROBABLY DISCOVERED GRISCOMB AND PAID FOR IT... WITH HIS LIFE!



I BETTER GET BACK AND SEE THAT MERRY'S ALL RIGHT..

I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE AND HAVE THEM SPREAD THE ALARM! IN THE MEAN TIME, SIR, I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU KEPT THIS TO YOURSELF! NO NEED TO AROUSE ALL THE OTHER GUESTS!



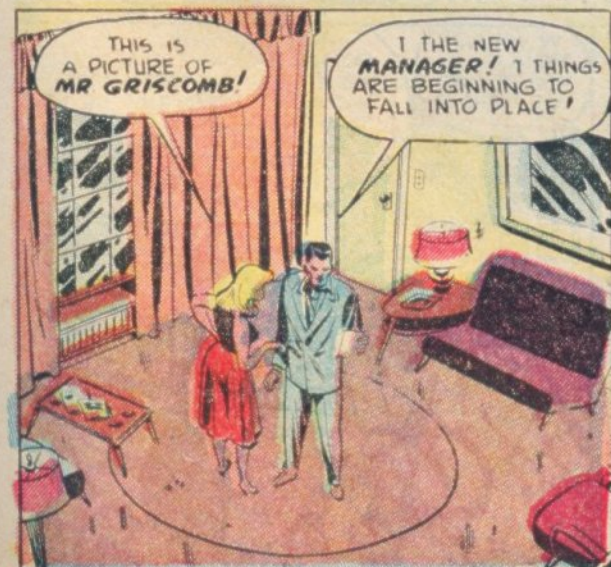
A HALF HOUR LATER AFTER CURTIS CHASE HAS QUIETLY MADE ANOTHER STOP, HE ARRIVES BACK AT HIS CABIN..

I WAS GOING AFTER YOU IN ANOTHER MINUTE, CURT! I'VE BEEN TO THE PHOTO LAB RUN BY THE GAL WHO SNAPS PICTURES OF THE GUESTS... AND IN HER ALBUM I FOUND THIS PHOTOGRAPH!



SHE TAKES PHOTOS OF **EVERYONE** WHO VISITS THOUSAND PINES, FOR SALE TO THE GUESTS. THIS ONE SEEMS TO LOOK LIKE OUR UN INVITED AND UNFORTUNATE CABIN MATE...

IT SURE DOES... IF YOU USE YOUR IMAGINATION! SAME HEIGHT. WEIGHT... **WHO IS IT?**



THIS IS A PICTURE OF **MR GRISCOMB!**

I THE NEW **MANAGER!** 1 THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO FALL INTO PLACE!



GET HOLD OF THIS GUY PANKIN. THE HOTEL DETECTIVE! BRING HIM TO REX CONKLIN'S ROOM! THIS WHOLE SORDID MESS IS ABOUT TO BLOW SKY HIGH!



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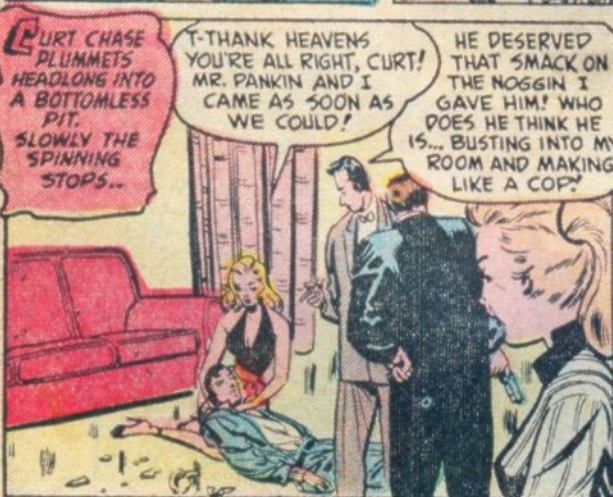
NO ONE IN SIGHT!
CONKLIN'S PROBABLY STILL
REHEARSING HIS BAND...
IT'LL GIVE ME ENOUGH
TIME TO SEARCH
HIS ROOM!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED...
ALL THE LOOT FROM THAT RIFLED
VAULT IS RIGHT HERE... IN BROTHER
CONKLIN'S DIGGINGS! EVEN THE
ACID HE USED ON POOR GRISCOMB,
SOMEONE'S IN FOR A TERRIFIC
SURPRISE...



SUDDENLY...



CURT CHASE
PLUMMETS
HEADLONG INTO
A BOTTOMLESS
PIT.
SLOWLY THE
SPINNING
STOPS...

T-T-HANK HEAVENS
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, CURT!
MR. PANKIN AND I
CAME AS SOON AS
WE COULD!

HE DESERVED
THAT SMACK ON
THE NOGGIN I
GAVE HIM! WHO
DOES HE THINK HE
IS... BUSTING INTO MY
ROOM AND MAKING
LIKE A COP?



THERE'S YOUR THIEF AND MURDERER, PANKIN!
CONKLIN TRIED TO RUN OVER US WHEN WE ARRIVED
... PROBABLY AFTER HIS GAL-FRIEND
CALLED FROM THE OFFICE... TO
KEEP US FROM DISCOVERING
GRISCOMB'S BODY BEFORE HE
COULD UNLOAD IT! AFTER I
LEFT YOU I CHECKED HIS
CAR... THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH HIS BRAKES,
AS HE CLAIMED!



THE LOOT FROM THE RIFLED VAULT IS
RIGHT OVER THERE, PANKIN... YOUR
CASE IS CLOSED!

IT **SURE**
IS, MR. CHASE...
AS SOON AS WE
GET **YOU** OUT OF
THE WAY! STAND
UP... AND DON'T
LET OUT A PEEP OR
I'LL DRILL YOU
RIGHT HERE!



W-WHY...
YOU...
YOU'RE ONE
OF THEM...

SHUT UP, SISTER... I'LL
DO THE TALKING! IF YOU HADN'T
BEEN SUCH SNOOPERS YOU
WOULDN'T BE IN THIS UP TO
YOUR NECKS NOW! THERE'S
TOO MUCH AT STAKE FOR
US TO LET YOU GO
BLABBING TO THE
COPS!

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A FEW MINUTES LATER A SIREN WAILS OUTSIDE, THEN THE DOOR IS PUSHED OPENED...



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AN AIR-TIGHT HOTEL ROOM AND A PRICELESS DIAMOND NECKLACE LED TO A CRIME...

BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

ELDERLY MR. SINNOTT, THE DIAMOND MERCHANT WHO OWNED THE FABULOUS HARRIMAN NECKLACE, WAS ACUTELY AWARE THAT THE GEMS HE CARRIED MADE HIM A MARKED MAN TO THE UNDERWORLD. AND SO HE TOOK THE PRECAUTION, ON THE EVE OF THE ANNUAL JEWELRY EXPOSITION, TO DOUBLE-LOCK HIS HOTEL ROOM ... FROM THE INSIDE!



IT WAS MORE LIKE A NIGHTMARE! HE SUDDENLY LUNGED TOWARD THE TELEPHONE...



NO YOU DON'T, SINNOTT! ALL THE TALKING YOU'RE GONNA DO WILL BE TO US! WHERE'S THE HARRIMAN ROPE? C'MON...

D-DON'T TWIST MY ARM ANY MORE! I'LL... I'LL TALK...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OLD JERK, KINK!

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THE NEXT MORNING, AS A BELLHOP REPORTED BACK TO THE MANAGER...

I KNOCKED ON HIS DOOR, SIR! FOR TEN MINUTES... BUT HE DIDN'T ANSWER!

IT'S NOT LIKE MR. SINNOTT TO OVER SLEEP THIS WAY! HE ASKED TO BE CALLED AT 8, AND IT'S ALREADY 9:15!



HIS DOOR WAS FIXED SO IT COULD BE DOUBLE-LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE... WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN! IF SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM, THE POLICE WILL WANT TO KNOW! I'M CALLING THEM RIGHT NOW!



THE EXCITED HOTEL MANAGER DIALED POLICE HEADQUARTERS... AND IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES...

SEE? MY KEY OPENS THE ORDINARY LOCK... BUT THOSE OTHERS WE INSTALLED...

GET THE HOTEL REPAIR MEN UP HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO PRY THAT DOOR OPEN!



THOSE INSIDE LOCKS ARE STILL HOLDING FAST! WE'LL HAVE TO SAW THE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES...

GO TO IT, THEN! SO WE CAN SEE WHAT THIS ROOM HAS IN STORE FOR US!



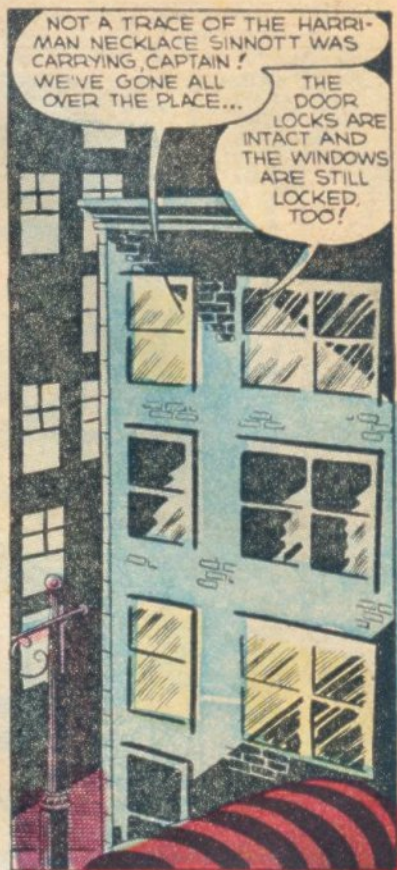
...AND NONE OF THE PEOPLE NEARBY REPORTED HEARING ANYTHING UNUSUAL LAST NIGHT, CAPTAIN! THERE'S SINNOTT'S ROOM...

A DOUBLE LOCK, EH? AND IT'S STILL CLOSED...



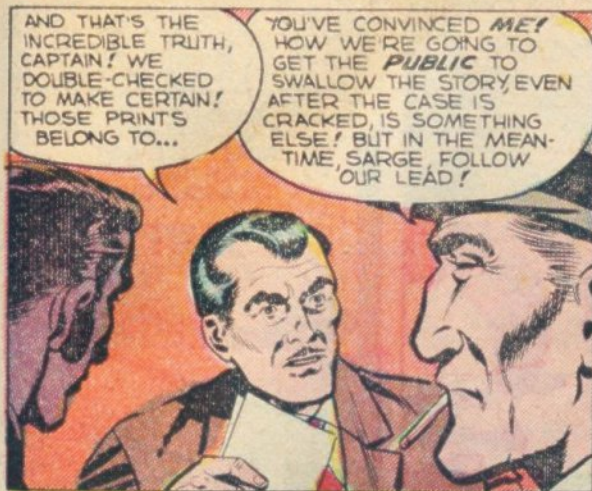
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A SHORT WHILE LATER...



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AT THE POLICE LABORATORY, THAT AFTERNOON...



AND THAT'S THE INCREDIBLE TRUTH, CAPTAIN! WE DOUBLE-CHECKED TO MAKE CERTAIN! THOSE PRINTS BELONG TO...

YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET THE **PUBLIC** TO SWALLOW THE STORY, EVEN AFTER THE CASE IS CRACKED, IS SOMETHING ELSE! BUT IN THE MEAN-TIME, SARGE, FOLLOW OUR LEAD!

DAYS LATER, AFTER AN INTENSE CITY-WIDE SEARCH...



THIS IS THE PLACE! ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN! WE'VE TAKEN PRINTS OF THE ONES WE COULD GET OUR HANDS ON... AND THIS MORNING THE BOYS FOUND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IN THERE!



STEVE HARROLD AND KINK EDWARDS! THIS **IS** THE PLACE! WHY ELSE WOULD TWO NOTORIOUS GEM THIEVES BE WALTZING IN? LET'S GO, SARGE!



AND WE'VE BEEN TOLD YOU HAVE EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR. IT'S JUST FOR ONE NIGHT...

YOUR SEARCH IS OVER, GENTS! YOU CAN RENT HIM FOR THIS SHOW OF YOURS, BUT THE FEE'S GONNA BE STEEP...



THIS MONKEY'S SMART AS A WHIP! YOU'D BE AMAZED AT THE THINGS 'GABBO' CAN DO! BUT LIKE I SAY, IT'S GONNA COST PLENTY...

IS A QUARTER-OF-A-MILLION HIGH ENOUGH, FREDDY?

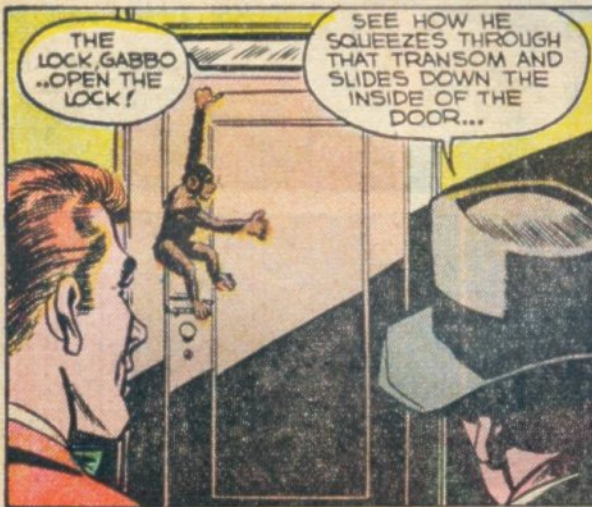


Q-QUARTER-OF-A-MILLION? YOU GUYS OFF YOUR ROCKERS? I-I OUGHTTA HAVE YOU LOCKED UP...

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IN THE HOTEL 'DEATH ROOM' A STRANGE COMMAND PERFORMANCE TOOK PLACE...



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KILL THE WITNESS!

YOU DID A DARNED GOOD JOB FOR THE STATE TODAY, MR. MARLOWE! DARLAN GOT LIFE, AND I'M SATISFIED WITH THE SENTENCE. IT WAS YOUR TESTIMONY THAT DID IT, YOU KNOW...

I KNOW, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY. THAT'S WHAT'S WORRYING ME! I'VE HEARD ABOUT GANGLAND VENGEANCE, AND...

CIRCUIT COURT

I DOUBT IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THEY SOMETIMES ATTEMPT TO HARM A WITNESS BEFORE THE TRIAL, BUT WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, AND THE CRIMINAL CONVICTED, HIS FRIENDS NO LONGER HAVE A REASON FOR INTIMIDATION. HOWEVER, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU REST EASIER, I'LL SEND A MAN OVER TO YOUR PLACE, SOON AS I GET BACK TO THE OFFICE, TO STAY WITH YOU FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS.



SOMETIME LATER...

MUST BE THE MAN FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE. LET HIM IN, WILL YOU, PETE...?

SURE THING, SID. PROTECTION, HUH? GOOD IDEA, I'D SAY.

NOK
NOK



SERGEANT DORN, D.A.'S OFFICE. YOU MARLOWE?

NO... MR. MARLOWE IS INSIDE. I'M A FRIEND. COME IN.



CAN I FIX YOU A SCOTCH, SERGEANT?

NOPE... CAN'T USE IT ON DUTY.

THANKS, SID. I'LL DRINK THIS AND RUN. I'VE AN APPOINTMENT AT EIGHT, AND IT'S A QUARTER TO EIGHT, NOW.



DON'T GET ME WRONG, MARLOWE... THIS IS NICE, SOFT DUTY, AND I DON'T MIND IT A BIT... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE WORRYIN'. THIS PART OF TOWN IS LOUSY WITH COPPERS. NOBODY COULD BOTHER YOU IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

AH, WELL... I'LL HAVE TO GET GOING NOW, SID...



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PETE, WOULD YOU MIND MAILING A LETTER FOR ME ON YOUR WAY OUT? I'LL GET IT FROM THE STUDY, IF YOU'LL HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE.

BE GLAD TO, SID.



CAN YOU MEET ME AT THE CLUB FOR LUNCH TOMORROW, SID, SAY ABOUT ONE?

I... I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO, PETE... GOOD NIGHT, AND THANKS FOR MAILING THIS FOR ME.



EXPECTIN' ANY MORE COMPANY, MARLOWE?



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE... BUT I DO KNOW YOU'RE NOT A COP! THE D.A. NEVER SENT YOU OVER HERE...

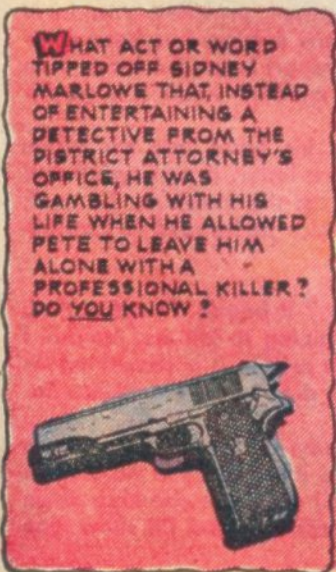
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, BRIGHT BOY!



I'M A PAL OF DARLAN'S... AND I'M GONNA BLAST YOUR HEAD OFF FOR SENDIN' HIM UP THE RIVER TODAY, MARLOWE!



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MARLOWE? I'M DORN... D.A.'S OFFICE! WHERE'S THAT BIRD...

ON THE FLOOR IN THE LIVING ROOM. I JUST SHOT HIM. SELF DEFENSE, INCIDENTALLY. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

ONE OF DARLAN'S TORPEDOES, ALL RIGHT. HE SLUGGED ME OVER THE HEAD AS I WAS GETTING INTO THE ELEVATOR DOWNSTAIRS. I CAME TO IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BUILDING... GUN AND BADGE GONE. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T ME, MARLOWE? HOW DID YOU GET THE DROP ON HIM?

WHAT ACT OR WORD TIPPED OFF SIDNEY MARLOWE THAT, INSTEAD OF ENTERTAINING A DETECTIVE FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, HE WAS GAMBLING WITH HIS LIFE WHEN HE ALLOWED PETE TO LEAVE HIM ALONE WITH A PROFESSIONAL KILLER? DO YOU KNOW?

THE POLICE REFER TO THEMSELVES BY MANY NICK-NAMES, AS DOES THE GENERAL PUBLIC. THEY OFTEN USE THE TERM, "COP," BUT NEVER THE TERM, "COPPER"... THAT'S AN UNDERWORLD NAME FOR A POLICE OFFICER. THIS GUY TOLD ME I HAD NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT SINCE MY NEIGHBORHOOD WAS "LOUSY WITH COPPERS".

THE END

THE BREATH OF DEATH



Captain John Redmond, of Homicide, was going over a routine department report. Suddenly Sergeant Mike Casoni stuck his long face through the half-open door.

"There's a fellow downstairs who wants to see you. His name is William Leaf. Says he knows you. Been fishing with you on the Marie II. Can he see you for a few minutes? Something on his mind."

"Send him up," replied the Captain. "Sure I know this guy. Last week he won first prize. You should have seen the fluke he caught. And the week before that, he got the second prize. Always time for a fisherman."

William Leaf was a young man, probably not over twenty-five. Tall and well-built, there was the color of the outdoor man burned on his face. He sat down on the chair next to the Captain's desk.

"Guess I'll see you Sunday on the Marie II," he said, "but there is something bothering me and I think you are the man to help me."

"If I can help, then I'll be glad to do that for a brother fisherman," replied the Captain. "What's eating you?"

"Remember my uncle Peter?" began William Leaf. "He was with me the second time we met. Big heavy-set fellow. He died last night and the funeral will be held this noon."

"Too bad," remarked Captain John Redmond in an automatic tone of voice. Then he added the next question which was logical.

"What did he die of?"

"Murder" was the unexpected reply.

"Did I hear right?" questioned the officer. "Or is this some kind of a practical joke?"

"I believe my uncle was murdered," continu-

ed William Leaf. "I'll tell you what I know and then you can advise me as to what should be done. My uncle has a big cleaning and pressing store on Main and Simpson Streets. Four years ago he won a sweepstakes ticket. He had almost one hundred thousand dollars to his name. This he put in the bank and continued with his store. Then about a year ago he met a girl named Helen Daugherty. She was twenty and he was fifty. She married him. For what? That I leave to you to figure out. Well, this Helen insisted he take insurance on his life. So he took out thirty thousand dollars. She was the beneficiary. Now he's dead. She gets all the sweepstakes money, his insurance, and the business."

"What did the doctor's report state," interrupted Captain John Redmond.

"That my uncle died of anemia. And my uncle could have broken a horseshoe with his bare hands. Remember when you met him. The anchor was stuck in the rocks. He got hold of the anchor rope and actually forced the anchor out of the rocks. Go on and tell me how a man like him dies of anemia."

"Take it easy," said the officer. "What you stated doesn't add up to murder. Under the law you can sign a complaint provided you have some evidence to show a crime has been committed. If the doc's report is on the level, then how can you show murder? Anemia is an illness."

William Leaf put his hand into an inside pocket and took out a letter. It was typed and addressed to him. From the envelope he took out a single sheet which he handed to Captain John Redmond.

"Read it."

"My dear nephew," it began. "I am scared. I think Helen is planning to kill me. Maybe I am going crazy. Or maybe it is something in her mind. If I should die, have the police investigate."

"You will notice from the date," pointed out the young man, "that it was sent to me a week before he died. And I did some checking down at the store. Come with me and I'll show you

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something. I have a duplicate key to the store."

Half an hour later both men were in the cleaning and pressing store. There was an exhaust fan to which William Leaf pointed.

"My uncle stood under that fan and worked. He would remove the hot spots on dirty clothing. Spotting was his specialty. He got fresh air from above so he wouldn't inhale the fumes. Now come around the partition and I'll show you something."

Both men went around the partition and William Leaf picked up an empty bottle. It was marked Phenol-Poison.

"There's another bottle like this right on top of the fan. When that fan was running it blew the fumes with it so that my uncle probably inhaled them. The setup that was designed to protect him really murdered him."

The police officer looked carefully at the top of the fan and then reached up and took down the empty bottle.

"We must see the doctor who signed your uncle's death report. We must hurry. If you sign a complaint, then I can legally hold up the funeral and get our boys down at headquarters to make a complete autopsy."

Dr. Franklyn Miraldos looked at his two visitors and listened to what the detectives had to tell him. Then he replied.

"If you care to check a copy of the death report you will find that I said it was due to anemia. If you want the kind of anemia, it is known as aplastic anemia. I was not the family doctor. I understand Dr. Crystal who took care of the late Peter Leaf has moved to California. Mr. Leaf worked as a spotter. He died of anemia because something went wrong with his red corpuscles. It could have been caused by benzol poisoning. It could also have been caused, as suggested by phenol poisoning. If you check the inner tissues of the nose, then you can also determine whether or not he did inhale phenol fumes, provided he breathed through the nose. Otherwise you would have to check the throat tissues, if he were a mouth breather."

Mr. Eiseman looked at the legal paper that had just been thrust into his hand. As a mortician he was not exactly surprised. He knew about these things and spoke to Mrs. Helen Leaf.

"I must obey this order. The body will have to be turned over to the police department."

Tears streamed down the face of the young widow. She looked first at William Leaf and then at Captain John Redmond.

"It is very hard to think straight under the circumstances. You actually claim that my husband was murdered. Who would want to do such a thing? What would be the motive?"

"The motive would be his money," replied

the police official. "And the killer would be one who would benefit by his death."

Helen was quiet for a few minutes as the meaning of those words penetrated. Then she spoke calmly.

"I assume you want to question and hold me. I am ready." An hour after Helen was booked and held at the Court Street Police Station, Captain John Redmond and Sergeant Mike Casoni made a thorough search of her apartment.

"Four empty bottles of Phenol and one half-filled," remarked Sergeant Mike Casoni. "Does that make her look like the killer?"

"She had the motive, the opportunity, and the means," replied Captain John Redmond. "If we put all this before a grand jury we can get an indictment for first degree murder. From then on it is the job of the D.A. to get his conviction."

"And they say you can judge people by looking at them," remarked Sergeant Mike Casoni. "That dame certainly did have a sweet look on her face. To think she planned this cold-blooded murder. Sort of makes little shivers run down my spine."

The evidence had been given to the D.A. who in five minutes was going before the Grand Jury. Helen Leaf was now facing William Leaf.

"And you believe I am guilty? You are the one who signed the complaint against me. Just don't understand it."

"I do," interrupted the voice of Captain John Redmond. "Under the law a killer may not inherit as a beneficiary from the victim. Who would inherit? The next of kin and that means William Leaf. With you out of the way he would get a fortune. He happens to be the killer. Rather a cleverly planned murder. He had a blank sheet with his uncle's name and wrote that letter on a typewriter. But not the machine in the store. He used his own portable which we found in his apartment. He framed you by hiding those bottles of phenol in your apartment. He deliberately went out of his way to meet me on the boat. He asked the Captain of the Marie II a lot of questions about me. That made me suspicious."

William Leaf showed by the surprise on his face that he was the guilty man.

"I happen to own that fishing boat," said Captain John Redmond. "Which explains why the Captain informed me all about you. But what gave you away were the little burns on your fingers. When you handled the phenol some of it spilled. We sent thirty men out with your pictures and found the druggist who sold you the stuff. Want to say something?"

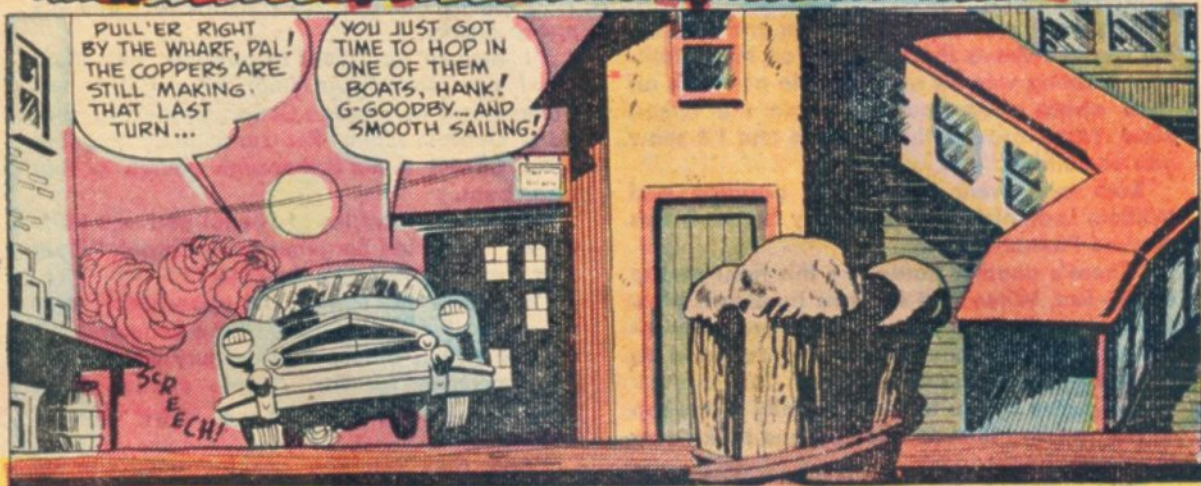
What can a guilty man say?

The End

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HANK BRADY WAS ONLY A STEP AHEAD OF THE POLICE WHEN HE DECIDED TO RISK EVERYTHING ON A "GETAWAY VIA THE GULF" WHAT HE RAN INTO WAS A...

STORMY CROSSING



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

INSIDE JOB



A ROOM IN A SHABBY SIDE STREET HOTEL IS THE SCENE OF A DRAMATIC INTERLUDE ENGINEERED BY A FLYING SQUAD OF POLICE...

JUST LAY STILL, GROZEK... MAKE A MOVE TOWARD THAT GUN AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A SPONGE!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A THING ON ME! W-WHATTA YOU WANT?

THESE COUNTERFEIT TEN SPOTS YOU'VE BEEN HUSTLING ALL OVER TOWN FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS, GROZEK! ENOUGH EVIDENCE HERE IN YOUR BAG TO SEND YOU UP-RIVER FOR A LONG STRETCH IF YOU WANT TO TELL US WHERE YOU GOT THE STUFF. MAYBE IT'LL GO EASIER ON YOU!

THE TREASURY WANTS TO KNOW WHO MAKES THESE PHONEY BILLS! NONE OF THE USUAL SOURCES SEEM TO BE INVOLVED... YOU'RE CONNECTED WITH SOME BODY NEW! WHO IS IT?

SLAP THE CUFFS ON ME, COPPER! YOU GOT STEVE GROZEK... AIN'T THAT ENOUGH?



YOU GUYS'LL NEVER STOP **THIS** COUNTERFEITING RING! IT'S TOO SMOOTH TOO SMART FOR DUMB BUNNY COPS TO EVER BREAK! GIVE UP BEFORE YOU BREAK YOUR HEARTS! HEH HEH...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT HILDEBRANT PRISON...

IN HERE, MISTER! ACT UP AGAIN AND SOMEONE'LL BEND A STICK OVER YOUR UGLY HEAD!

SOMEDAY I'LL GET YOU FOR SHOVING ME AROUND! IN A FEW DAYS I'LL BE OUT AND I'LL LOOK UP YOUR FAMILY.

THIS THE ENGRAVING PLANT DE TAIL? LOOKS LIKE I'M ASSIGNED HERE 'TIL MY FREEDOM PAPERS GET SIGNED BY THE GOVERNOR...

THAT'S WHERE WE WORK, CHUM! HOW COME WE NEVER SEEN **YOU** AROUND BEFORE? WE ENGRAVING PLANT GUYS DON'T LIKE NEW FACES...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

AL COFFEY JUST ASKED YOU WHERE YOU'RE FROM...**ANSWER!**

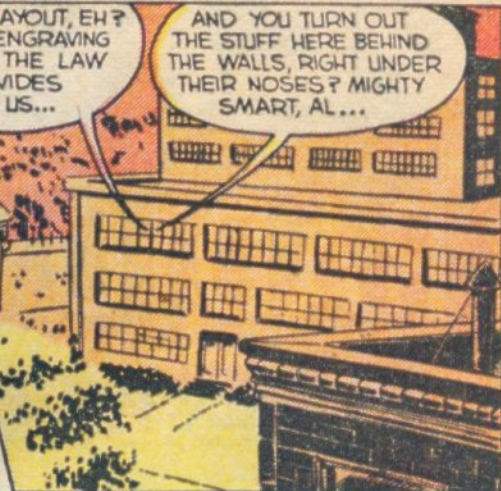
S-SURE, AL! I BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE ROCKPILE AT MALONE. BE OUT IN A FEW DAYS ON PAROLE. IF YOU'RE COFFEY YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO HEAR THAT THE LAW PICKED UP GROZEK, WITH A BAG-FULL OF "QUEER"! GOT IT VIA THE GRAPEVINE...



AN HOUR PASSED, AND THE NEW CONVICT WAS ACCEPTED AS "ONE OF THE BOYS." THEN, WHEN THE WORK DETAILS WERE POSTED...

NICE LAYOUT, EH? NIFTY ENGRAVING PLANT THE LAW PROVIDES FOR US...

AND YOU TURN OUT THE STUFF HERE BEHIND THE WALLS, RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES? MIGHTY SMART, AL...



WE HIDE THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS RIGHT HERE IN THE SHOP..AND HAND IT OVER TO GUYS GOING ON PAROLE. THEY PUSH IT FOR US AND DEPOSIT OUR SHARE IN BANKS UNDER DUMMY NAMES!

PLENTY SLICK, AL! AND THE LAW NEVER TUMBLES TO THE FACT THAT IT'S AN **IN-SIDE-JOB!**

GET HIS CONFESSION, UP THERE? I THINK WE CAN RING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON THIS OPERATION...

W-WHY.. YOU PUNK.. Y-YOU'RE...



...A **T-MAN**, PLAY-ACTING LIKE A CONVICT! WHEN WE DISCOVERED YOUR PAL GROZEK WAS JUST OUT ON PAROLE WE GUESSED WHERE THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY WAS COMING FROM!

THE REST OF YOU CONS..STAY WHERE YOU ARE! YOU'RE COVERED WITH RIOT GUNS!

...JUST AS WE SUSPECTED, CHIEF. THEY WERE OPERATING RIGHT FROM THE PRISON ENGRAVING PLANT!

GOOD WORK, MELVILLE! WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE CAUGHT THEM IF YOU HADN'T CONVINCED THEM YOU "BE-LONGED" AFTER WE SMUGGLED YOU INSIDE THE PRISON!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

DEATH CAR

FEATURING TEX AND BARRY OF THE

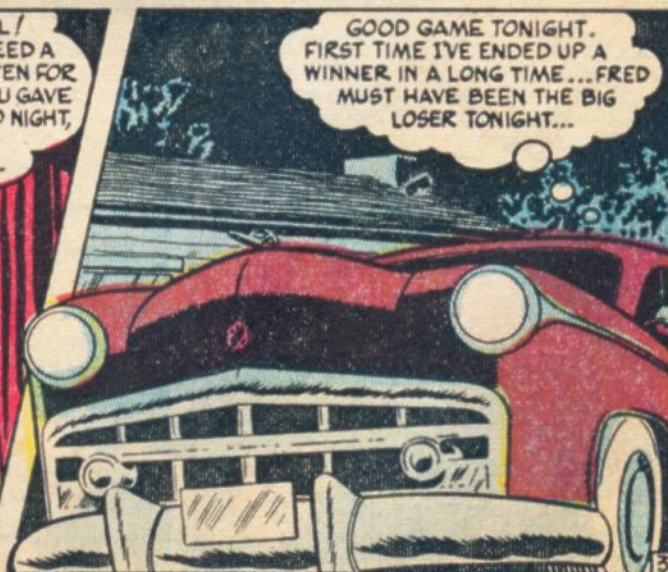
RADIO PATROL



CRIME AND JUSTICE

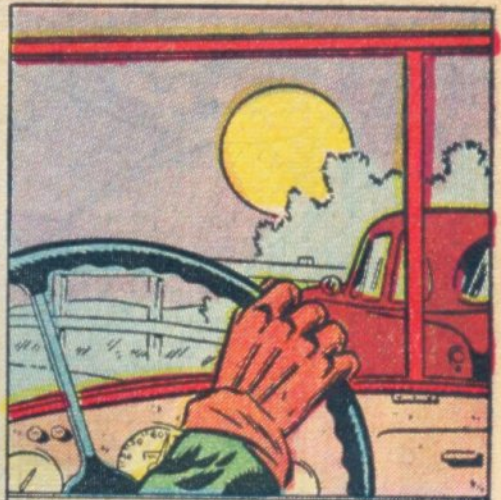
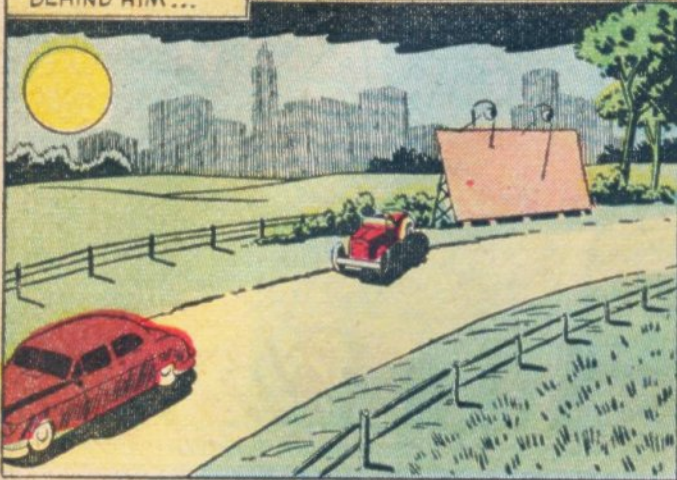


CRIME AND JUSTICE

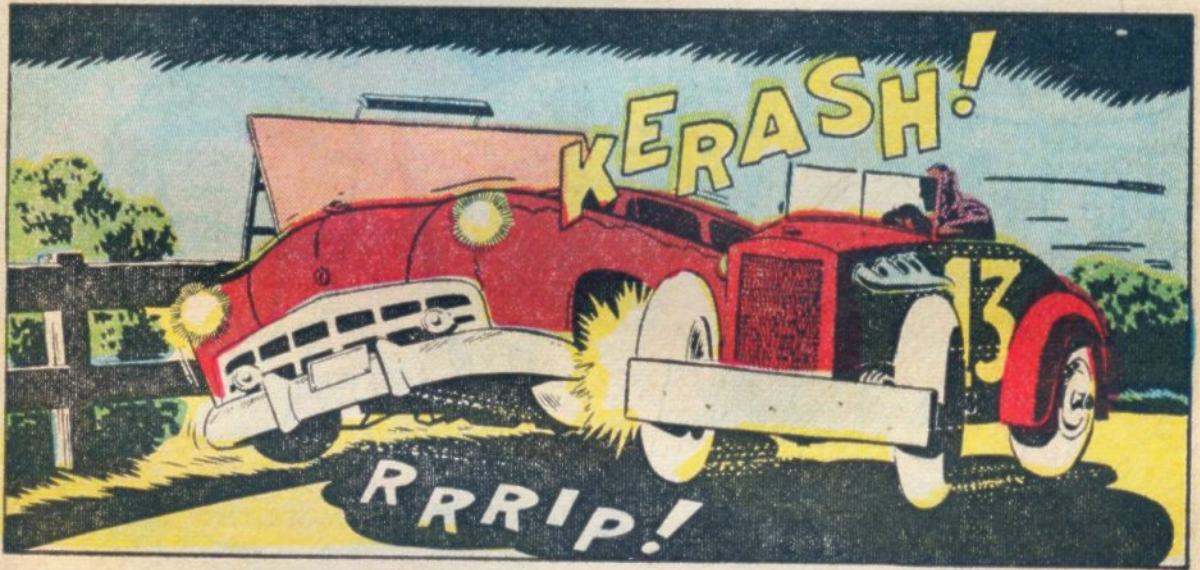


CRIME AND JUSTICE

AS JOHN CAMERON SPEEDS TOWARD HIS HOME IN THE CITY'S SUBURBS, HE FAILS TO NOTICE THE RED CAR THAT SUDDENLY PULLS OUT FROM BEHIND A BILL BOARD ONTO THE ROAD BEHIND HIM...



AND RAPIDLY OVERTAKES THE LARGER AND SLOWER AUTOMOBILE...

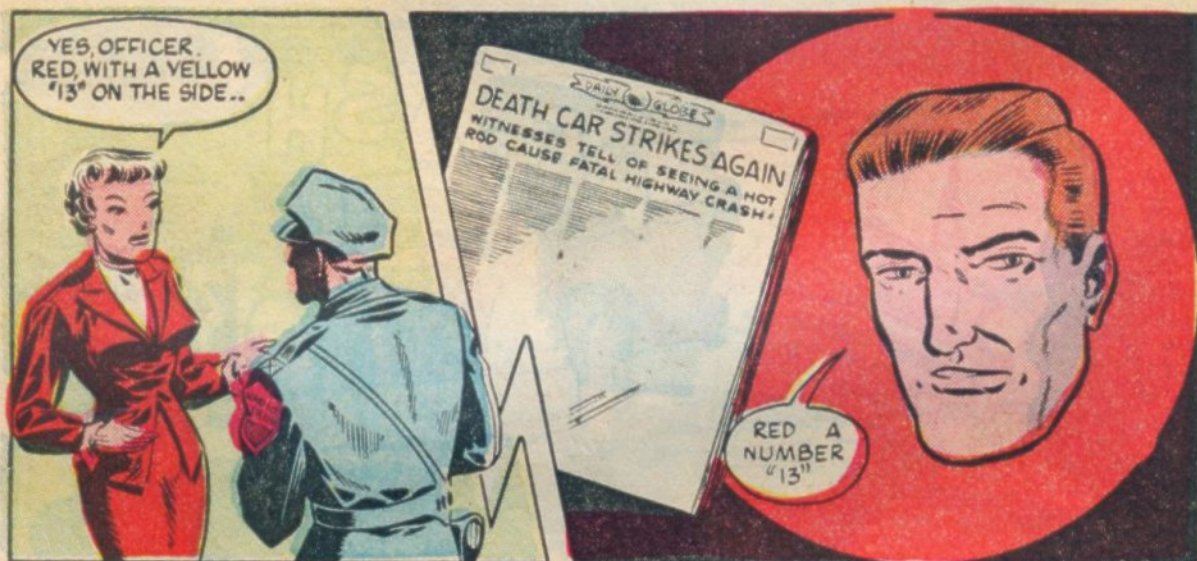
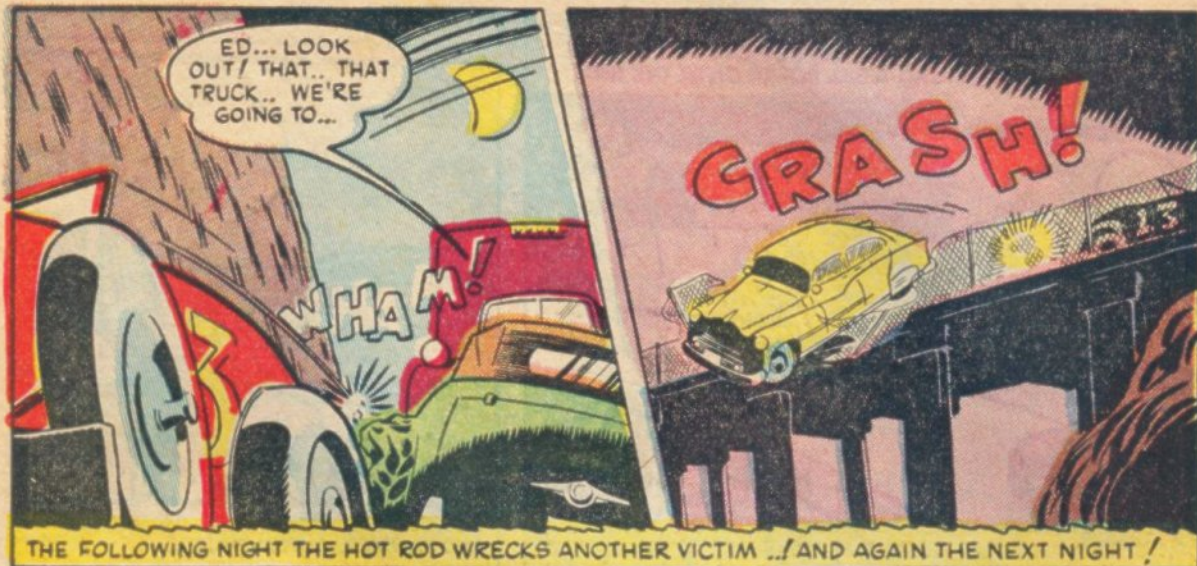


DID YOU SAY A HOT ROD... A RED HOT ROD?

YES, SIR, WITH A NUMBER "13" ON THE SIDE! AFTER CAUSING THE WRECK, IT KEPT GOING... THAT WAY! IT WAS REALLY MOVING, OFFICER!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

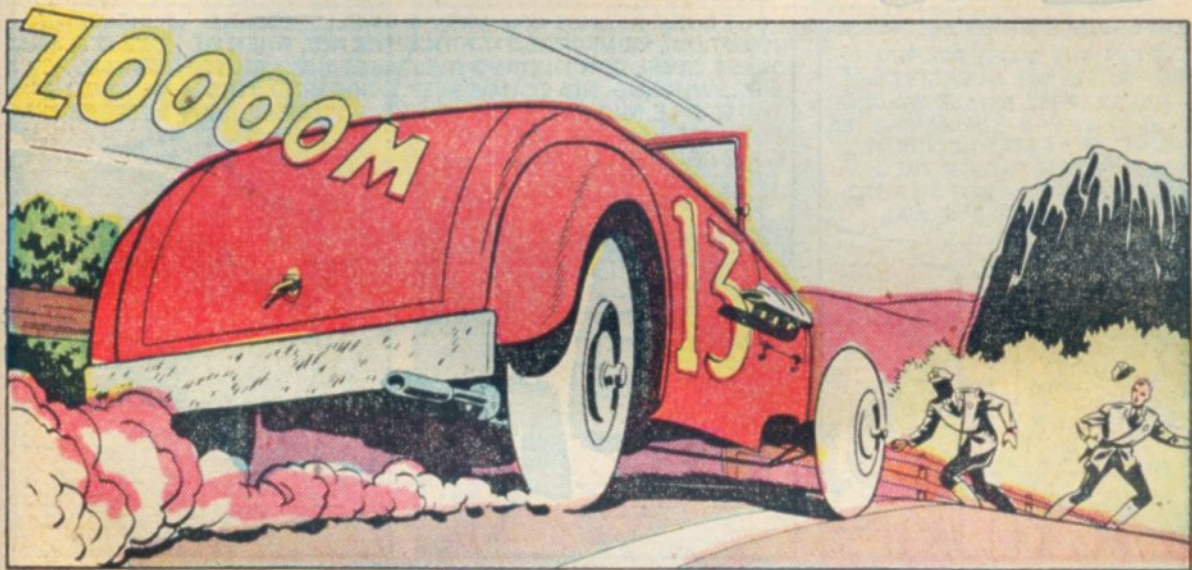
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP. WE'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU IF WE NEED YOU. GO ON HOME NOW... AND DRIVE CAREFULLY!

AFTER SEEING THIS, I'LL NEVER DRIVE OVER THIRTY-FIVE AGAIN!

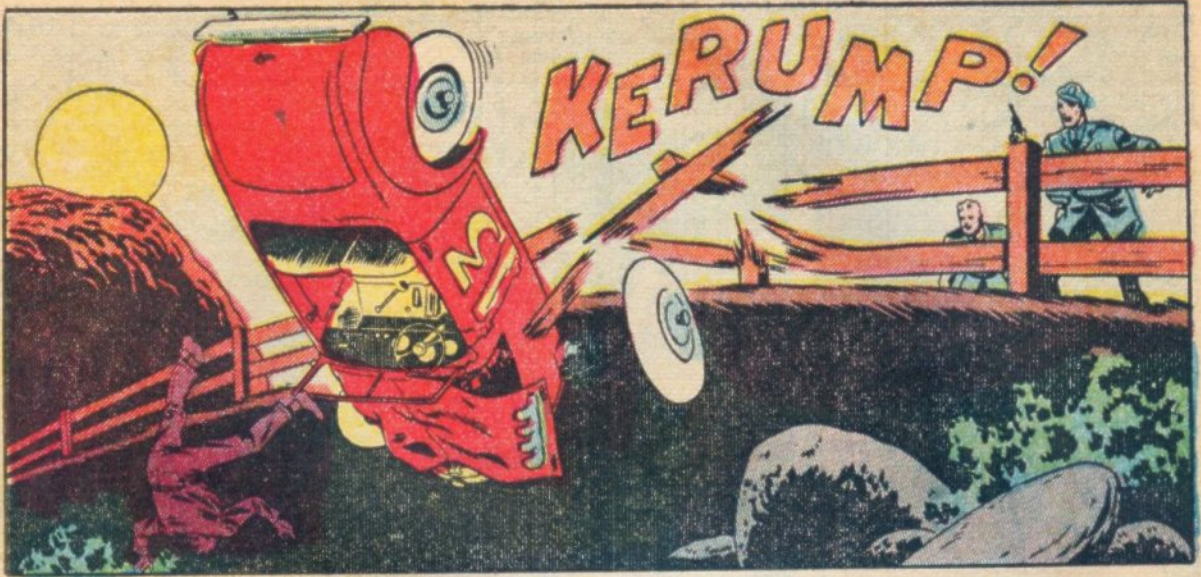
NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT 'TIL THE WAGON GETS HERE. THEY SHOULD BE ALONG IN A MOMENT OR TWO...

YEAH.

TEX... LOOK! COMING OUT OF THAT SIDE ROAD!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



LATER... AT EMERGENCY HOSPITAL...

I'VE GOT THE STORY FOR YOU, OFFICERS... NOT A PRETTY ONE! AN EX-CONVICT, NAMED SANDERS, SENT UP IN 1948 FOR LEAVING THE SCENE OF A FATAL ACCIDENT... RELEASED ON PAROLE TWO MONTHS AGO. HE WAS AN AUTO MECHANIC BEFORE HE WAS CONVICTED...



HE BUILT THE HOT ROD WHEN HE GOT OUT, REINFORCED IT WITH SHEET STEEL TO WITHSTAND THE SIDE SWIPINGS. HIS VICTIMS WERE THE PEOPLE WHO SAT ON HIS JURY FIVE YEARS AGO! HE MUST HAVE GONE COMPLETELY INSANE BROODING OVER HIS IMPRISONMENT!



WELL... INSANE OR NOT, WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH THIS BIRD THIS TIME...

I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, OFFICER, BUT IT WON'T BE NECESSARY!



SANDERS IS ANSWERING TO HIS JUDGE AND JURY AT THIS MOMENT. HE DIED FIVE MINUTES AGO...



WELL, THAT WINDS THAT ONE UP... AND I HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO ANOTHER LIKE IT FOR TWO OR THREE HUNDRED YEARS OR SO!

BROTHER, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



THE END

CRIME AND JUSTICE

EYE WITNESS



WHEN MILLIONAIRE MALCOLM QUEEN DIED, HIS ENTIRE ESTATE WENT TO HIS SON GEORGE. ANGRY STEP-SON, ROGER, CUT OFF WITHOUT A PENNY, DECIDED TO TAKE FATE INTO HIS OWN HANDS...

R-ROGER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

STILL THROWING MONEY AWAY ON THESE INSANE HOBBIES, EH? I THOUGHT IT WAS ABOUT TIME I TOOK THINGS INTO MY OWN HANDS, DEAR STEP-BROTHER... AND CLAIM THE DOUGH THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN MINE!



WITH A SILENCER TO MAKE HIS FATAL GUNSHOT SOUNDLESS, SATISFIED ROGER HURRIED HOME TO AWAIT NEWS OF HIS SUDDEN INHERITANCE...



YOU'RE A LIAR... I'VE GOT A PHOTO HERE THAT SAYS SO!

PROBABLY ROBBERY! WOULD YOU MIND TELLING US WHERE YOU WERE JUST TO COMPLETE OUR PICTURE OF THE CRIME?



M-ME? I WAS WATCHING TELEVISION. THE NEIGHBORS WILL TESTIFY... T-THEY SAW THE LIGHTS ON!



IT'S ONLY A SELF P-PORTRAIT! Y-YOU'VE GOT NO WITNESSES!



THE END



1000

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